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foam whirls away, around the same gray boulders where the Indian girl found death so sweet and welcome. They tell me no more, though I long and listen for some clearer history; they never can tell me, and I shall never know, how that poor soul wandered out into the new life, which has no last refuge. Whether she found it rest, or weariness, whether she looked on with the same sad eyes, and sought him still forever, or laid down together the pain and passion, and longing of this earth, I shall never know. But her grave is a grand one in this mountain solitude, and the stern rocks left their scarred faces in an eternal monument, with the roar of waters to sound her wild death-song.

But the shadows are creeping up the hill-sides, and through the dark pine-bole there slants across my face a warm red ray. If we could look beyond these steep, dark rocks, we should see how gloriously the departing daylight gathers up its warmest dyes, and burns and glows upon the far-off Catskills, that rise transfigured in the mellow light. It is the grand feature in all our views—that pale chain of lofty peaks, stretching across every gap and hollow of the hills—a picture painted in pure light and sunshine, between the sharp, rugged lines of the nearer slopes. Under the fiery glory of the sunset, their coloring is intensely brilliant, melting through all shades from the cool distant blue, and the shadowy violet line to rosy gold, or masses of pure light, drawn pale and luminous upon the bright evening sky. They are like the eternal hills beyond the river; like the dreamland that we look to, when shadows lie around the world, and our eyes are tired of their dreary veil. Heaven itself might lie beyond them, or at least our dreams, treasuring behind that bright wall a glory too radiant for the dwellers in this weary world. Who could fancy that such luminous golden mist veiled slopes more rugged, or shapes more stern and frowning, than those pale outlines, so sootily curved and delicately traced? I cannot dream of any rocky gorge or fastness, any frowning cliff, or barrier height, where the gray rocks spread cold and bare, and the winds rave and revel over the treeless waste. They are only shadows; only the golden gates of the invisible world; and my heart yearns on forever for those bright barriers to fade away, and show me the life that lies beyond their golden line.

But the last red beam is dying above me, tangled in the crests of the highest pines. The roar of Bashapish sounds louder in the coming twilight, and the waters, rushing to their death in the sea's deep bosom, follow me far with the thunders of their voice. The gray shadows tremble round the hills, as we follow the steep and winding path, and the round red harvest moon will light us on the long road towards home.

MINETTE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works is presently to be issued in London, with a Biographical Introduction, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Mr. Palgrave is one of the most thoughtful of English critics, and, in this instance, he has chosen one of the most inspiring themes.

It is said the financial position of M. de Lamartine has been discussed by the French Cabinet, and that it is in contemplation to pay all of his debts and give him a pension of \$8,000 a year, he, on the other hand, transferring to the Government

all his estates, copyrights and other property. It is said the only obstacle to this arrangement is M. de Lamartine's hesitation to accept any favor from the Imperial Government.

The *Hartford Courant* gives the following as the receipts of the book publishers in that city for sales of works relating to the war:

Headley's History, 1st and 2d volumes.	\$682,500
Greeley's History, 1st volume.	650,000
Kettel's History.	330,000
Nurse and Spy.	440,000
Field, Dungeon and Escape.	266,500
Four Years in Secessia.	105,000
Life and Death in Prisons.	110,000

Total.....\$2,584,000

The number of volumes issued was eight hundred and twenty-one thousand.

Alexander Dumas writes:

"A short time since, an old friend of mine was arrested for \$2,400, and thrown into the debtor's jail. He sent me word he was under lock and key, and asked me to liberate him. I had not \$2,400. I went to his creditor and entered into a contract, binding me to deliver six lectures in any six provincial towns he pleased, provided he released my friend. He accepted my offer, and my friend came out of jail at once."

The bust of Capt. Speke has been erected at Taunton, in the shire hall, with an inscription from the pen of Sir Henry Rawlinson. Speke is recorded as "The discoverer of the sources of the Nile"—marked as a quotation.

The life of the students at Oxford University is sometimes described as particularly wild. A recent critic, however, says that "when a man tries to write an Oxford story, he confuses what he has seen with what he has heard—the real life of Oxford, which, under great show of fastness, is extremely mild, and the traditional life which must have been lived by a race of intellectual athletes, equally regardless of laws human and divine." All which is very true. The fame of Oxford, as of Cambridge, has been honestly won by hard study, and not by fast life, as the lives of Milton, Newton and Porson will testify. And so of every other college, whether in England, Germany, France or Italy. There have been no harder students in the world than those who have reflected honor upon Oxford.

It is now stated that Mr. (formerly "Father") Palgrave, is the author of "Ecce Homo." Mr. Palgrave has seen a great deal of life, having been educated at Oxford, (Oriel,) where he took a first class degree; then he entered the Indian army, which he quitted to join the Jesuit noviciate, at Madras; then he became a Jesuit priest and a most zealous missionary, in Lebanon, to the Greek Catholic Church; and he has now seceded from the Roman Catholic Church.

ART GALLERIES AND GOSSIP.

The pedestrian as he strolls through Broadway, will stop to look at the prints which are exposed in the shop windows, and forget, for a few moments, at least, all the cares of business. Prominent among those places where the weary eye finds rest from the oppressive monotony of brick houses or the glare of the sun on flagged sidewalks, are the windows of Goupil's: A large collection of prints, engravings, lithographs, photographs is to be seen there; almost everything in the shape of a print. There we will see facsimiles of all the greatest works of art. Titian,

Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Murillo, and the more modern names of Rubens, Vandyke, and hundreds of still more modern names, as well as the names of living men—their works are made familiar to us through the agency of those prints. Subjects that have a most soothing effect on the mind overtaxed by worldly cares, here charm the observer by the religious sentiment which they express.

We will not undertake to specify the many works which are to be found in Goupil's store, for it would be an almost endless task, but we advise our readers to go frequently and look at the prints—study the beautiful, the good, and the truthful. Educate the eye and refine the mind, for we believe a nation's real greatness consists in the amount of refinement of its people. We mention the latest prints issued. "Cindrella," a beautiful figure, after Eugene Lejeune, engraved by Annebouché; "The School Friends," after Compe Calix; "The Contract" and the "Convalescent," after J. Caraud, and two very fine steel engravings after Schopin, from Grecian history, viz.: "Socrates instructing Alcibiades," and the "Beautiful Response of Cornelia, the Mother of Gracchi," when she said, "These are my Jewels," pointing to her children.

We continue our art gossip this week:

Beard has gone to the Rocky Mountains, to study the habits of old bruin, and other animals. Bellows is sketching in Massachusetts.

Leutze is painting a portrait of Gen. Grant.

Martin has gone to the Adirondacks.

Wm. Hart is at Mt. Desert, coast of Maine.

Page has a studio at Eagleswood, N. J.

Constant Mayer, the painter of "Love's Melancholy," exhibited in the Academy, sailed for Europe on Saturday. He will return in October.

McEntee has been at Rondout, N. Y., and is now at the White Mountains.

Durand, who is no longer a young man, still sketches with vigor from Nature, and is now in the Catskill Mountains.

Elliott is in town, painting in Beard's studio, and is engaged on portraits of ex-Mayor Opdyke, and other merchants of this city.

J. F. Weir has been at West Point, and is now at Milford, Pa.

Henry and Griswold are at Newport, R. I.

Pratt is teaching in town, he has painted some good fruit and flower studies.

Shattuck is sketching in the White Mountains.

Lang intends opening a studio for the reception of pupils in drawing and painting, sometime in the fall.

Edwin White has been engaged on a work from religious history. We will be able to give something more definite in regard to it in a future number. He is now in the country.

Rotheimel is to paint a picture of the battle of Gettysburg on the wall of the new extension to the capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., for which he is to receive \$25,000.

Congress recently passed a resolution intrusting a Miss Minnie Ream with making a marble statue of Lincoln, for \$10,000. Judging from the fact that the sculptress has no reputation, we would say decidedly a ream too much of Lincoln.

Oliver Stone and Ehninger are at Lennox, Mass.